

Tom Perkins

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J. William Pope



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"For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he
also reap."

TO
DAVID STARR JORDAN
PRESIDENT OF
LELAND STANFORD JR., UNIVERSITY
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR

Tom Perkins

THE STORY OF
A BASE BALL PLAYER
BY
J. WILLIAM POPE



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ROWLAND R. MURDOCH

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Tom Perkins.



Tom Perkins was the son of a farmer, and had been until he was fourteen years of age, on his father's farm. He was a bright youth considering the limited school term every year, which was just three months.

Mr. Perkins was a good man, living strictly up to what he believed to be taught by Christ, loving God and his neighbor as himself. He with his good wife were quite old to have so young a son; but they had been married late in life, and Tom was their only child, and in order to bring him up in the way he should go, he was taken to church every Sunday from his infancy, although the church was five miles distant.

Sometimes he was taken in arms on horse-back, and at other times in a Dearborn.

In the county of Deerhoofs, the people were nearly all Presbyterians, and their churches were few and far between, and on Sundays the people took with them a lunch, so that they had two sermons before returning home.

As a rule those farmers were honest, God serving people, and many were the farmer's sons who became preachers, and are now filling the pulpits in many cities. It was the heart's desire of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, that Thomas, their son, should become one of the Shepherds of Christ, and gather many straying sheep to the fold, and to reach that wished for haven for their son, nothing was left undone, no expense cared for, no privation too great.

Mrs. Perkins had a brother living in the city of Harmony; he was childless, but very rich, and to him was sent Thomas, so that he might

have the advantage of good schools. Once a month he visited his home, and all who met him could see the advance he had made, and gave him great praise.

At the age of seventeen Thomas entered "Green's" College, and at once began to climb the ladder, and kept at the head of his classes, and became, as it were, the leader of all the societies in the college.

There was formed a Base Ball Team, by students, and Tom, of it was made captain. He became the best pitcher there about, and by his skill his team won every game played by them, but to that college team came what comes to all ball teams—the love of drink—and Tom soon became the best pitcher of the bottle and glass, among those he met, but for a while he kept sober while playing.

When Tom had passed through college he was reckoned the best orator the college had

turned out, and it was said of him "What a great preacher and persuader he will prove to be." He also had a fine voice for singing, and had cultivated it, and sang in many concerts, and in a church choir. When he quitted college, instead of beginning the study of theology, he joined a professional ball team at a large salary, and did not go to his home.

When his parents learned of the course he had taken it grieved them sore; their pride and aspirations were crushed; his good old mother took to her bed quite ill; at last she became so low that a telegram was sent to Tom. It was Sunday, and he was in Pearl, in the midst of a game when he received the notice. He did not stop the game, but when it was won then he told "The Boys" he must start for home but would soon return.

When he arrived at home, he found his mother dead. Grief for the moment seemed

to crush him, for, by the bed side his father knelt in tears, and the first words Tom heard his father speak were, "Not my will, but Thine be done, O Lord!"

The old man shook with emotion, for he there saw the partner of his hopes, like his hopes, beyond his help. Their hope was that their only child would at manhood, yield the fruit for which their hearts hungered. Alas! how brittle is the branch on which Hope hangs her fruit to ripen, her blossoms being shed.

After the funeral, Tom was about leaving to rejoin his team, when his uncle, with whom he had lived in the city, took him aside and said, "Thomas, do you know that you were the cause of your mother's death? she died of a broken heart because of your downward course; your drinking and violating the commandments which say: 'Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy,' and

'Honor thy father and thy mother.'

Thomas, your father is old and in deep distress because of your mother's death, and your wayward life; if you do not change your course and stay with him, I fear he too, will die of a broken heart."

Tom held down his head a while, and then said "Uncle, I have lost control of myself, and the fiend Drink, with the love of game, has me in chains bound so firm that nothing earthly has the power to release me; I am doomed; it is not my desire to act as I do, for often I resolve to return to my first love, but the fiend stands in my way, and often I have meditated death by my own hands, then spectre like an angel in the form of a woman, a beautiful woman, with smiles, turns me from my purpose."

There was silence for a while; at last Tom resumed. "There is a plan in all Nature's works,

I believe, and also in the lives of men, and while we cannot see the end, it has been fixed and man cannot escape his reaching that end, be it what it may. All the prayers of the Marys, and His disciples, could not save our Lord from the cross, nor could all the powers of Hell keep Him in the sealed tomb. It required divine power to save the woman from being stoned to death, and to start her uncondemned on a new life, and it was that same power which saved Paul, and my prayer is that the same goodness may in some way save even me; yes, even if it be like as the thief, at my last hour."

"Well Thomas," said his uncle, "I see that my words are void of power over you; therefore with prayers to Him who doeth all things well, I leave you in His care."

Tom the next morning started to rejoin his team, leaving his father in deep grief.

When Tom arrived at Pearl, he found the team in great disorder, and all from drink, but as he had great command over them, the team was soon on its feet again, and ready, as the saying is, "To lock horns with any team having the sand to meet them."

Tom drank more, but still was chief of pitchers, and so passed the ball season with great success.

When the next season began, the first game was on Sunday, at Harmony, and it was said that by the gate receipts they knew that there had been fifteen hundred people on the grounds, and the rule with ball teams in that country was, "To the victors belonged the spoils," and alas! for Tom's pitching, his team lost the game. Tom was drunk at the time.

That misfortune left his team in a bad fix as their cash was low, but the sports of the town helped them through, and they won all the



“But Tom’s pockets were full as well as
his head”

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games after their first defeat.

Tom was now on his high horse, and about the middle of the season he got word that his father was dead and buried, and that he was wanted home to hear his father's will read.

Of course he must go, as he was the only heir. He went with great expectations. Arriving at home, a desolate home, he found his uncle and aunt there to receive him. The day after his coming the squire and others, came to the house; the squire having drawn up the will and other papers, proceeded to read "The last will and testament of Thomas Perkins" and it ran thus: "I give and bequeath my son Thomas, all my estate which may remain after all my debts are paid;" and then was read the following paper: "There is a first and second mortgage on the farm given to raise money to educate my son Thomas; they must first be paid off; and I desire that the farm

stock and all other belongings of mine be sold, and payment made of all my debts, and whatever remains thereafter, be given to my son. And I pray I may not lie in my grave and have it said I owe any man a farthing."

The uncle, who by the will was made its administrator, at once sold the farm, and he who held the first mortgage, assumed the second, and bought the farm. When the stock and household goods were sold, there was still a shortage to the amount of three hundred dollars, of enough to pay off the mortgage. That fact brought Tom to himself, and he said, "And shall my father lie in his grave owing three hundred dollars?" for a moment he thought, then speaking to him who held the mortgage, said, "I have with me one hundred and fifty dollars, and if you will agree, I will give you one hundred, and my note for two hundred at interest until paid," to

which Mr. James who held the mortgage said "You seem to mean well, and I will accept your offer." Thus the will of Mr. Thomas Perkins was fulfilled, and the old home of the Perkins family passed into other hands.

Before leaving the neighborhood, Tom went to the churchyard and viewed the unsodded graves of his parents, then with a deep sigh he said, "O grave! thou hast the victory!

O Death! thou hast a sting for me."

Then turning away with a heavy heart, he wept, and started to join his team.

Tom had left the team at Pearl, with one game yet to play, but as he was called away that game was postponed until his return, and on his return the game was advertised to come off on Sunday.

The grounds were crowded. From other cities had come many sports, gamblers who bet on results, and who knew how to win.

But who can tell the casting of the die,
Except the rogue who knows how it to toss?
Nor lives the rogue whom money will not buy,
No matter who may suffer by the loss.
E'en at the feet of Him with pierced side,
They gambled for a garment He had worn;
What of all gamblers had He never died?
Like Judas, better they had ne'er been born.

From the hour Tom arrived in Pearl, the sharpers were after him. They gave him money, and they gave him drink, and feasted him like a lord, all to the purpose that he would cause his team to lose the game, either by his bad condition, or by his will that they should.

The game was called, and for a while Tom acted like a hero bound to win the fight.

But when his team seemed sure of success, Tom changed the aspect of affairs, and at last his team was beaten, but only by a few hits.

The gamblers who won, were wild with de-

light and drink, and picking up Tom carried him off the grounds with shoutings of victory.

Among the members of Tom's team there was not enough money to take them out of town, but Tom's pockets were full, as well as his head, and the sharpers kept him away from his pals until he had exhausted his ill gotten gains, then Tom found himself without money and without friends, and nothing left for him but to tramp.

The team he had helped to win would have nothing to do with him, and his own team was no more.

With a heavy heart, Tom with a case holding his ball suit, left the city of Pearl, with no point in view; when night came on he was fifteen miles on his way to where he knew not, but near a village, where, when he arrived, he put up at the only public house in the place. He remained there for a week, drinking freely.

At last the landlord asked him for some money, but Tom had none to give him, which made the landlord very angry; he cursed Tom for a tramp, and taking him by the cuff of the neck kicked him out the door, empty handed, for his suit case was kept for his bill.

Tom made no defense; he was never known, even when in his cups, to get into a passion, and when kicked out of doors he said not a word, but with empty hands and pockets, began tramping; and thus for miles he tramped sleeping in barns, neath corn shock in the fields, and sometimes in fence corners by the roadside; he begged, and often stole from spring houses milk, and even butter which he ate without bread, and walked through orchard eating and filling his pockets with apples.

Once he stole some potatoes, but having no match to make fire with, he had to eat his potatoes raw.

Thus Tom for months was a true man of the world, believing the world owed him a living, and it lay with himself how he would get it.

It chanced that he found one like himself, and they became fast friends, and were often seen counting the ties in a railroad track, and were dubbed "The Blue Jays"; why they were thus named was because they wore blue cotton handkerchiefs about their necks.

The first meeting of the Jays was in this wise: as Tom was tramping along one morning in the month of August, he drew nigh to a creek and heard a call for help; running to the creek he saw that it was raging, and a man struggling in the swift flood. Tom ran down the shore and got in advance of the drifting man, and being a good swimmer, he plunged in and grasping the man who had ceased to struggle, he swam and drifted to land which he reached; he then drew the man feet first

up the bank keeping his head in the water, for as the adage is, "Never take a drowning person from the water head first if you would resuscitate him."

When Tom had him fixed with feet up hill, and lying on his belly, he with one foot pressed upon his back, and the water gushed from his nose and mouth. When the water ceased to flow, Tom turned the man on his back and began pressing on his chest and blowing in his face. At length the man began to breathe; he opened his eyes and said with a soft liquid voice, "Where am I; is this hell?" Tom made answer, "Not yet, though we are on the right road to get there."

Tom then got the man up the bank and over the fence into a wheat field, and there they denuded themselves, and hung their rags — which they were — on the fence to dry, and in the mean time sitting by a wheat shock they

rubbed the wheat heads in their hands and feasted on the grain; they also filled their pockets, when their rags were dry, with grain for future use.

In answer to Tom's question of "Where did you come from, and what is your name?" the man said, "My name is William Elliott, and I am from Harmony; but what might your name be, and where are you going?" Tom said "My name is Thomas Perkins, but as to where I am going I know not, but this I do know, that

 Weary my soul is in midst of the glory

 Of Sol's warming brightness o'er mountain and plain,
The cause of my grief is a heart-rending story,

 And only would wound me the telling again;
Suffice it, the heart when from moorings fierce driven,

 Its anchor deep sunken, its masts on the wave,
Has lost every hope saving only that haven

 Where wrecks may drift in, though 'tis gloomy—
 the grave."

From that day Tom and William Elliott

became great chums, and after tramping sore footed, ragged and dirty, they at last reached Multitude, the capital of the kingdom. The land, or kingdom, was Imagination, a vast and mighty land surrounded by the great Sea of Thought.

After they had been driven from many back doors, the teeth of hunger gnawed at their vitals, and food they must have by hook or by crook. At last they agreed to meet at a certain place, and parted with the determination to steal something to eat, come what might.

Tom, after long looking for game, went into a baker's store, and after telling how hungry he was, asked for some bread. The baker said, while he leaned on the show case filled with tempting cakes, "We bake our bread to sell, not to give tramps like you, so proceed on your journey."

Tom turned to depart and seeing some

small loaves of bread near his hand he swiped one and started on a run, tearing and eating the bread as he ran. Soon arose the cry of "Stop thief," and after running a few blocks he was captured with the goods in hand.

When he was brought before the judge he did not deny the theft, but while still munching the bread he said, "Judge, I was hungry, and I asked for bread and none was given me; I was then forced to appeal to the first law of Nature, self preservation. If a man to save his own life kills another, the jury will call it self defense, and acquit the man. Now say, why should not that same law justify me? for it was to save me from starvation that I stole the bread." The judge looking over his glasses responded, "You reason well, but in spite of what you say, the court's sentence is, that you be taken from our presence to the county jail, there to remain, provided with bread and

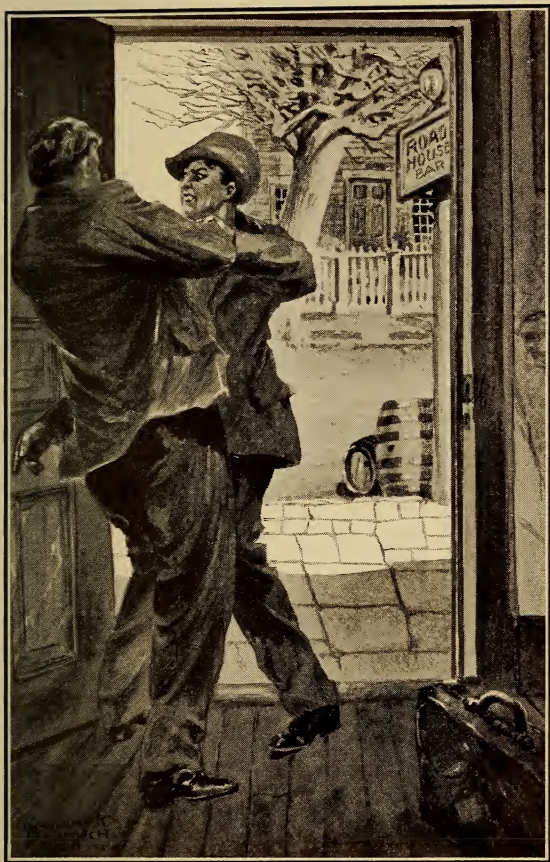
water, for thirty days."

It was Sunday when he began his term, and on the following Sunday, the rector of St. James' church, with part of his choir, came to the jail to have a service for the inmates. In the jail they kept sacred song books which were used at such services.

When the rector announced the hymn, and the choir began singing, there was heard among the prisoners, a voice which turned all eyes in search of who sang so divinely.

Tom was singled out as the singer; his voice was a full, deep rich bass, and his articulation such that not a word escaped the listener.

After the service, the rector, having spoken from the text "My son, give me thy heart," asked permission to speak with the man who sang so delightfully, which was granted, and Tom was taken to the jail office, where the



"Kicked him out the door empty handed"

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rector and two young women were in waiting.

Tom, when he entered, held low his head, until the rector approached him, and taking him by the hand said, "Young man, you have a fine voice, and no doubt you are proud of it, or have been in your better days; dont you think that Christ, whose gift your voice is, would be pleased to hear it in His house of worship ? or do you not believe in Christ ? "

Tom then raised his head and rose to his feet, and thus replied, "Believe in Christ? the most terrible words of our Lord were these: 'Except ye believe that I am He, you shall die in your sins;' and I often wonder how certain sects will escape. Yes sir, I believe in Christ, and in all His words and works, but Satan, with his games and drink, has dragged me down, and chained me. When at college, I sang in a choir, and for a long time I felt it not so much a pleasure as a duty,

but all the young men there did not feel as I did, and by degrees I became one of them, and sought pleasures, and neglected the promptings of my better self, and now, when I would gladly turn and walk in the better way, I have no righteous friends, nor means to start in the way I would like to go." "You say" the rector replied, "you were at college; and did you graduate?" "Yes sir, and with the highest honors; I was highest in all my classes; in elocution, the professor said, 'You are a wonder Thomas, and see that you fall not below the standard which you have here displayed.' I made all the addresses of the school, and received a beautiful diploma of which I was proud."

"Now Mr. Perkins," said the rector, "if you wish to reform, and return to your duty, I will help you; will be your friend." Then Tom approached the minister and said, "I

will give you my heart; it is full of the promise you desire, and with God's help I will serve Him, and obey you."

The rector then took from his pocket a card on which was his address, and handing it to Tom said, "When you are discharged come to me, and we will make plans for your future; now I will leave you; then taking him by the hand, and laying one of his on Tom's head he said, "Goodbye, and the blessing of God be with you;" to which Tom said "Amen." The young women who were with the rector, also shook hands with him; the last one in so doing, left in his hand a paper, which when he returned to his cell, he found to be a new five dollar bill.

When Tom's cell mate went to his cell, he found Tom on his knees in silent prayer; his mate had respect enough to say nothing, but stood until Tom arose from his knees, and

then he said, "Tom, I wish I could pray, wont you pray for me, and teach me to pray?" to which Tom said, "Christ has given a prayer, and if you will kneel with me, I will say it with you." They knelt, and with fervent voice Tom repeated the Lord's prayer, to which his cell mate gave a hearty "Amen."

On Monday at noon, the jailer said to Tom "Go and be shaved and take a bath, for your discharge has come, and of course you know what you have to do when you go out."

The rector had gone to the judge and had secured Tom's discharge.

On the afternoon of Tom's discharge, he started for the study of the rector, Mr. Lyman; while on his way he saw a frantic team of horses with carriage, dashing down the street without a driver. The street was full of men, but none brave enough to try to catch the runaways.

There was a train approaching the crossing of the street; Tom saw the danger, and heard a woman scream as the train drew near, and took his stand near the crossing, and when the team came he made a leap and grasped one horse by both his ears, and twisted his head, hanging his weight thereto, and thereby threw the horse, and caused the other to stop. Tom placed his knees upon the horse's neck, and thus held him down, while the train rumbled past not two feet from the horse's head; then a policeman rushed in and pushed Tom back, taking charge, as though he had done the daring act.

When the young lady had gotten out of the carriage, she looked about her to see the tramp who had saved her, and seeing Tom, she went to him and said, "Brave sir, I cannot reward you now, but here is my address," handing him a card; "be sure to come and

see me."

Tom soon made himself scarce, and when out of the crowd, looked at the card on which was graven, Amelia Mason, 5040 Hie Street. That number was in the rich and aristocratic part of the city, and Mr. Mason was reckoned one of the richest.

Tom kept on his way to the study of Mr. Lyman, where arriving he was received with much kindness; when he had talked for some time with the rector, the rector said, rising, "Mr. Perkins, we will go out later in the evening, and get some better clothing than you now have on."

Tom rose to his feet and said, "Mr. Lyman there was a time when I begged for food, and stole bread and felt no shame, but now to have you clothe me, burns what is left in me of manhood; will you allow me to consider what you give me as a loan, to be returned

as I earn in some way, the means to repay you?

"Have it your own way," said Mr. Lyman, "you remain with me until evening."

After supper—for Tom ate with the rector and his good wife—the rector and Tom went out and Tom was provided with two suits from head to foot, and a large trunk; the clothing was put in the trunk and it directed to be delivered at the parsonage of St. James.

When it arrived, Tom divested him of his rags, and when dressed, made his appearance in the rector's sitting room; the rector and wife were surprised at the change; they took him by the hand, giving him welcome.

While the rector and Tom were still sitting in earnest conversation, the rector's wife rose and said, "Mr. Perkins, I will say goodnight, and will see you in the morning."

Then said the rector, "Mr. Perkins, I am in need of an assistant teacher, and I believe

that you can fill the position; I will advance you enough to see you through, and in the mean time, between now and the opening of the school, you can refresh your mind in respect to your studies, and what you will have to teach.

My late teacher boarded with Mrs. Brown, a very good old lady, and I have arranged with her so that you will take the room which he occupied, but tonight you will lodge with us." Thus Tom was started on the way to reform and success.

Tom, not only during the months of July and August, refreshed his mind as to his studies at college, but posted himself in regard to the work of the school in which he was to be one of the faculty, and also read and made study in Theology, and with the aid of Mr. Lyman, made good progress.

The following winter he was appointed lay

reader of St. James'. His voice and manner of reading pleased all who heard him; but as has been said, he being a fine singer, the leader of the choir wanted him, and often had talks with the rector on the subject; at last the rector said, "I will leave the matter with Mr. Perkins," and so it was agreed between them.

When the matter was mentioned to Tom he said, "O, that I could do both, for my heart is in both, but as no man can be here and there at the same time, I feel it my duty to stand by him who reclaimed me, and his desire shall be my choice and pleasure.

What shall I do?" he said, turning to Mr. Lyman; "Read my son," was the answer he received, and from that day Tom read the service.

On September the first the school opened with one hundred boys, from fifteen to twenty

years of age, and Tom took hold as though he had been there before, and the pupils took hold of Tom, and like ducks which follow the hen that hatched them, they were with him; they did not as the ducks which heeded not the hen's call when their nature wanted the sports of water ponds, for the boys did as Tom directed; his word with them was law which they were pleased to obey.

In the midst of winter there swept a wave of reform over the kingdom of Imagination; and Multitude, famous for fine dram shops, and gambling dens, felt the force of the wave.

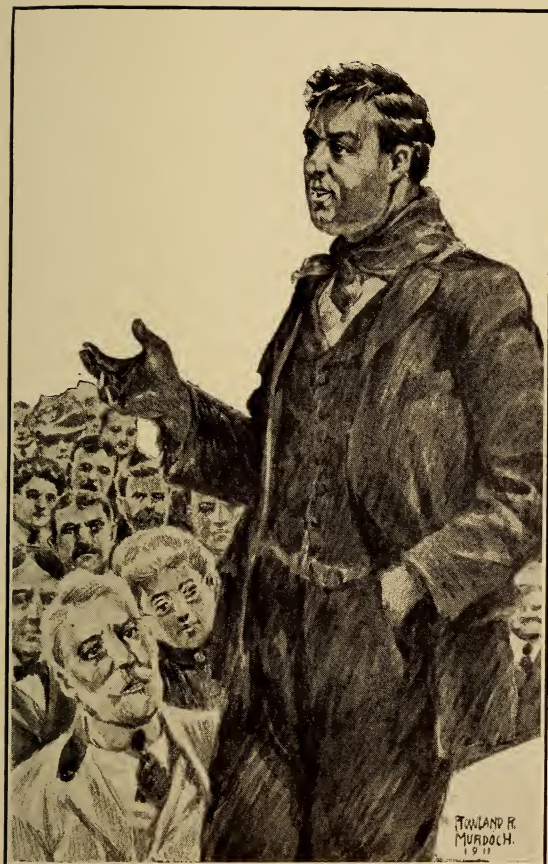
Temperance clubs were formed in all the churches, and to their meetings the outside world flocked. All the large halls were in use at least five nights in the week; there was good singing and stirring speeches at those meetings.

Mr. Lyman suggested to Tom that he make

a speech, to which Tom agreed and said, "I have in my trunk all the clothes I had on when you first saw me; I will get up a speech and appear at the meeting as a tramp, none knowing me but yourself." "That" said Mr. Lyman, "will be grand, for you can act the ways of a tramp, giving as it were a living picture."

The evening came, on which Tom was to speak, and it was arranged that there would be a short opening speech, in the midst of which, Tom was to enter the hall as a tramp, and when the speaker was through, he would rise and ask the privilege of saying a few words to the meeting. Tom at the appointed time in the rear of the hall, rose and said, "Mr. President, I would like to talk to this meeting a little while; what the gentleman has said is all true, but there is much more to be said on that subject."

Everybody turned to see who it was that spoke, and when they saw it was a tramp, the hall shook with applause, and cries of "Give him a chance." The president, who was Mr. Lyman, rising said, "My friend come forward;" and when Tom was on the platform the president said to him, "By what name shall I introduce you?" Tom replied, "As one who has been on the wrong road, but now would stand as a finger post pointing others to the right way;" then he began: "Mr. President, ladies and gentleman, if there can be true pride in the breast of one like me, that pride warms my bosom, and makes me feel as not forsaken of God; and to introduce what I have to say, I will with your permission, sing you a song." "Song, song!" echoed through the hall. Tom then with a clear strong voice sang, and with so clear an articulation that not one word of his song was lost, notwith-



“At length Tom became calm”

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standing he sang and dramatically acted as he sang.

TOM'S SONG.

"Wine is a mocker, and I say
To you who drink it, have a care,
For vipers in the wine cups lay,
Whose jeweled eyes while sparkling fair
Are waiting for the coming day
When you are heedless as was king
Belshazzar, whom the Lord would weigh;
Then! then you'll feel the viper's sting.

The sting of conscience none may know
Until perhaps too late to turn;
The fires of hell, the Scriptures show
Are quenchless, yet they cannot burn
More fierce than conscience of who falls
A victim to the damning bowl.
The very thought of it appalls
My heart, and shakes my inmost soul.

Wake up! wake up! forswear the glass,
Damnation lurketh there. Be wise
Before 'tis said "It came to pass,
In hell he lifted up his eyes

And cried for water," as 'twas said
Of one who heeded not God's laws.
O, fathers, mothers, lad and maid,
Christ calls to you, He bids you pause."

When Tom ceased singing there was not a sound of applause, for deep emotion filled the hearts of all present. Then in a soft voice Tom began his address; he pleaded with the aged, showing the great responsibility resting with them as regards example set the young; and to the young he spake as one of them; as a brother who loved his brothers whom he had seen, and was striving to love God whom he had not seen.

As he proceeded and became warmed up, as it seemed, suddenly he stepped back as if in great affright, and cried out, "Not yet! not yet! leave me a while longer." His eyes dilated and seemed to flash fire, and with a rush forward he set down his foot and said,

"There! that is one more serpent of hell which will hiss no more at me." Then again starting, he laughed and said, "See yon bat on legs running the bases; ha! ha! there goes a ball on wings; oh! it has knocked him out; that is the way I make the balls fly."

Thus for a while he displayed the hallucinations of one in a fit of delirium; the audience was much excited, believing it was real.

At length Tom became calm and said, "Dear people, such is the effect of ball teams and drink, and I would advise that parents send not their sons to schools where athletics are taught, and ball teams are encouraged; it is but going back to the days of paganism.

We have now the prize fighters, and if we keep on, will again have the gladiatorial exhibitions, and the prisoners fighting wild beasts.

Some of our churches have ball teams, and boys brigades with guns and swords—relics

of barbarism. Why not give the boys crooks—the emblems of peace—which would keep in mind the good Shepherd?

Why should we develop the brutal part of man and leave the spiritual to dwindle, until the devil has complete control of it?

O! I appeal to you, parents, and to you, churches, to abolish all schemes which are calculated to set the body above the soul.

Remember the soul is a breath of God, while the body is substance of the earth, as is the ox, and vile serpent which stingeth the soul, when you lift the glass to your lips."

Tom then paused a moment while tears ran down his cheeks; then in a calm voice he said, "Dear friends, I have spoken of what I have known, for all the pangs of drinking, hunger, disgrace of the prison, have been mine; and it is to save, parents, your sons from the glimpses and pangs of hell which I

have had, that I am here this evening. Now come! all of you; put your hands to the plow and look not back. Come! put down your resolve to work for God, and your own salvation. After a pause, Tom resumed:

"Look where you will, and when, you'll see
 Damnation by the wagon load,
And doors as bright as brass can be,
 All opening to the short wide road
 To Hell.

There, saunter in young men, and out
 With doubtful steps; and old men too,
Nor for a moment think about
 The many who those holes went through
 To Hell.

They say they go to quench their thirst;
 A sad mistake by old and young,
For they at last may be accursed,
 And cry for water with parched tongue,
 In Hell.

What once has been, may be again;
 No man's infallible; not one!
The strongest, bravest, have been slain,

And found to end the race they run,
In Hell.

Ye demi-gods who journals print,
And boost Damnation, have a care;
To you I give this gentle hint,
So you may 'scape grim black Despair
In Hell.

Wake up ye dealers! christians wake!
Ye judges who have got the pow'r
To crush the fiend; make no mistake,
Else you may 'neath God's justice, cow'r,
In Hell.

Ye men who stand behind the bar,
And sell Damnation to the old
And young—I care not who you are—
Perhaps you'll find, yourselves, you've sold
To Hell.

Advice to all I give, and cry,
Be wise, and heed the warnings giv'n;
This life's uncertain, all must die,
But drunkards are debarred from heav'n,
In Hell.

Again, with brother's love, I cry
Wake up! your broken vows repair;

Resolve to do; on Christ rely,
For vain is every sigh and prayer,
In Hell."

Just then came from the far end of the hall a loud "Amen." All eyes were turned that way, and lo! there stood a tramp, lean and hungry looking. Tom at once recognized his old pal, Bill Elliott; he called him to the front and there presented him to the audience; he was sober, but only so because he had not the wherewith to procure liquor. After Tom had talked with him a while, he said, "Bill, if you care to become a man, you will find help; begin now and I will stand by you with others."

Bill put down his name, and after him more than a hundred signed the pledge.

There were but few in the hall who knew Tom in his disguise, and as that was his first public address, they knew not his voice.

Mr. Lyman was so carried away with him, that he could not allow those present to depart ignorant of who, and what he was; therefore he came forward, and taking Tom by the hand, said, "I wish to say a few words before we separate; first let me tell you who this tramp is; he is none other than Mr. Thomas Perkins; he who has in charge many of your sons in our school, and you may rest assured that not for lack of care on his part, will any of your boys go astray." Then such a roar of applause there was, that the windows shook.

After a song, then a prayer by Mr. Lyman, the meeting adjourned to meet again one week from that night.

Two years had passed since then, during which Tom had delved deep into the mysteries of theology, and scripture history, and had applied for holy orders, to the great delight of Mr. Lyman, for he had it in his heart

to have Tom serve his deaconship with him.

Everybody who came in contact with Tom, formed the same opinion of him, and felt toward him as near of kin.

Tom treated everybody the same; his elders as fathers and mothers; the younger as brothers and sisters; while there were, no doubt, some young hearts which fluttered when Tom was nigh, but he, so far as love was concerned, felt it not.

On the evening after Tom was ordained deacon, there was a little company at the parsonage in his honor, and there he met Miss Amelia Mason. The ladies began telling of wonderful happenings in their lives. Among the stories was one which Miss Mason, in a graphic manner, narrated. It was of her rescue from death, by a tramp, and she said, "He was brave, and must have had a manly spirit, for although I gave him my address,

and bade him call on me, he never came. I often think of that day and of that poor tramp and I am sorry that at that time I had nothing with me with which to reward him."

The card she gave was a mourning card; it had wide black border, and Tom had, with a pin point, scratched through the border, the day and date, and the hour of the day, so the white of the card was seen through the black.

Tom after a little while, went and sat by Miss Mason, and asked her how long ago it was since the episode of which she was speaking happened; "I think" said she, "about eighteen months." "And you have never seen nor heard of that tramp since?" said Tom; "Not as I am aware of," she replied.

Tom then took from his breast pocket a card, and handing it to her said, "Read on the margin of that and perhaps it will refresh

your memory." She did so; then raising her sparkling blue eyes, glistening with tears, said, "And have I at last found the brave tramp, and have you come for your reward?" "Yes, yes," said Tom, "I am he, and the reward I ask is true christian friendship, and God will bless the gift and giver; I am now clothed and in my right mind."

Just then Tom was called on for some music and with songs and bright thoughts, the evening came to a close, and all were well pleased with each other; but Tom was the lion.

The next morning Tom said to Mr. Lyman, "I wish to make a proposition, which is this: that you visit the young people of the congregation, and I the older, for the young people will give more heed to you than to me, and I will learn more from the aged than from the young."

"That" said Mr. Lyman, "will be just the

thing, for the young mind may heed me and learn, while as you have said, you may catch of the good spirit from aged saints." And so they agreed.

It so happened that Tom was sent for one night after the above agreement, to visit a sick old lady, and while he and she talked of the past, and their hope of the future, Tom said, "We lay up treasures in heaven sometimes when we little think; a kind look or word; a cup of cold water given in a true spirit, will surely bring its reward, though we may not be aware of it."

"Yes, yes," the old lady said, while tears ran down her pallid cheeks. Tom took her handkerchief which was lying by her side, and while wiping her tears away said, "Dear mother, have good cheer, nor weep, for Christ loves you and would have you be glad." The old lady made a motion toward

her daughter who had softly entered the room and was standing behind Tom in tears; Tom turning and seeing her in tears, rose from his seat and said, "Miss Martin, how are you? and why in tears? the Master is kind to you, is He not?" to which questions Elizabeth Martin replied, "Yes, more so perhaps than I deserve, but hearing you talk with mother of the little deposits we may make to our credit for the future, I think of the few I have made in life thus far, but since I first met you, I have striven to increase my account. Do you know where and when I first saw you?" Tom, for a moment thought, and then replied, "I do not." Miss Martin then said, "I would not awaken in your mind sad thoughts, nor bring before you scenes of the past, but, Mr. Perkins I was with our rector when he held service in the jail, and I heard you promise to reform, if you had a helping friend, and I now rejoice,

seeing how faithfully you have kept that promise." "And that is not all I have kept," said Tom, while he was bringing from his pocketbook, a clean five dollar bill, wrapped nicely in fine tissue paper. "There" said he to Mrs. Martin, "when I was in prison, she visited me, and she gave me that, and I have kept it, feeling sure that some day I would learn who she was who gave it me. And now, Miss Martin, take it, and when you see one in need, use it again." But Elizabeth would not, saying, "That is part of my treasure, laid up in heaven, and I pray you to see to it, as you do to the souls now in your charge."

Tom concluded to visit his old home, and for that purpose he got two weeks leave of absence; but before going, he procured tomb stones for the graves of his parents, and had saved enough money to pay off the debt he had assumed, with interest. Arriving at his

old home, the first person he called upon, was him to whom he owed the two hundred dollars. He lifted the note, paying full interest from date, then by the kindness of the man living in the old homestead, he was driven to the churchyard where his good parents lay at rest.

He had their graves put in order, and in a day or two thereafter, arrived the tombstones which were placed at the graves.

Tom met the parson then preaching in the old "Brick Church," as it was called, and asked of him permission to preach in his pulpit on next Lord's day, which was granted, and when Sunday came, the church was packed, for it had been noised through the country that a great preacher from the city of Multitude, would occupy the pulpit on that day.

After singing and praying, Tom rose and

read the nineteenth chapter of Matthew, and chose for his text, the words of Christ to the young ruler: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Tom in his discourse, spoke as one who had done great dishonor to his parents, and so powerful were his words, that at the close of the service, tears flowed from many eyes, and sons and daughters were seen embracing and kissing their parents. One old woman went up to the rostrum, and throwing her arms around Tom's neck, kissed him and said, "Blessed be the womb that bore thee, for thou wilt bring joy to many hearts."

When Tom had beautified the graves of his parents, he took his departure for home, and upon arriving there, the first news he received was that Mrs. Brown, the old lady with whom he lived, was dead and in her grave. He found the house closed, and his effects at



Thomas Perkins

the house of the rector. Mr. Lyman all along addressed Tom as "My son" and now he said, "My son, make your home with us henceforth."

Time sped on and Tom as assistant rector, did most of the work, as Mr. Lyman was quite up in years and needed rest.

One morning Mother Lyman—as Tom called her—said to Tom, "My son, it is about time you should be choosing a wife; you would have no trouble finding one among so many lasses in the parish. For instance, there is Miss Martin, and Miss Mason, and other workers in the church; many of them Thomas, almost worship you now." Tom answered with a sigh, "Mother, my work is to lead souls to Christ, and not to hymen's altar, and I have chosen the church as my bride."

The subject of marriage was never spoken

of from that day.

Tom had now been in the ministry six years, and Mr. Lyman was growing feeble; he had ceased to minister, and at last was taken very ill. Tom was with him night and day, for he feared the end was nigh; for the good old man's body was wasted to almost a shadow; yet knowing bliss was in wait for his soul, Tom grieved not at the thought of separation.

It was in the midst of December, when Tom and a few friends of the family, were at the bedside of the sick one, awaiting the departure of his spirit, when at length the rector turned toward his wife, and Tom who stood at her side, and in feeble voice said, "The words of our Master have come to me; but then, He was in agony when He spake, while I have no pain, but in perfect peace of mind." Then, looking at his wife, he said,

"Woman, behold thy son;" then looking at Tom he said, "son, behold thy mother;" and at the last word, with a sigh, his soul took its flight.

From that day until now, that relationship has continued between Mrs. Lyman and Thomas Perkins.

If any of my readers of the present day, should visit the city of Multitude, be sure to visit St. James' church, and hear the greatest pleader for human souls to seek after Christ, that has been heard in all the land of Imagination. One great theme of his was to the Jews, and Unitarians; his text was those terrible words of Christ: "Except ye believe that I am He, ye shall die in your sins." And many were the Jews who cried, "Lord, I believe."

Thus it may be seen that out of rough clay, the potter can make a beautiful vessel; and

out of a tramp base ball player, God can
make a servant faithful, and beloved of men.



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